



# The Story Games



hungergames

storywars

authors

👁 357 ✓ 20 ★ 21

## CHAPTER\_1\_BY โดยกร พัลเกอร์

(Note before you start reading: I am sorry if you are not a Tribute, I just chose the people with the most points at the time of choosing. Thanks)

Joakim sighed as he stared at his computer monitor. He had finally completed his dream of creating Story Wars. Staring proudly at his work, Joakim was happy with the numerous stories that popped up every time he hit the refresh button. For the first time in a long time, he was happy.

Time passed and Joakim stayed active on Story Wars, constantly making changes to keep thoughtful and innovative users happy. Day after day he responded to people's complaints, questions and ideas, each one of them wearing him down little by little. As Joakim scrolled through Story Wars, he realized something. The thing that he wanted most, real drama and excitement weren't seen often on Story Wars. The only time the users were sort of competitive was when they felt passionate about a certain story and had the drive to win.

Frustrated, Joakim went to the only thing that had been constant in for the past 7ish years, his

Hunger Games fan fiction. Before that it had been Twilight, but it got tiresome after a while. Joakim simply couldn't decide. He continued his story about a young boy from District 12 who was chosen to be the Hunger Games when it hit him. Joakim would call it the Story Wars.

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Games. Once he was satisfied with the name, Joakim dove into his Mind Palace for an evil brainstorm.

When Joakim emerged from his evil brainstorm, his head was filled to the brim with ideas. He would host a Story Games, with the top writers on Story Wars as Tributes. Joakim didn't want his subjects pulling a Peeta/Katniss act and "falling in love", so he decided that each District would only have one Tribute. The area would have to be special, unlike any other before, so Joakim decided that the arena would take the look of the setting in popular Story Wars stories. The last survivor would be crowned the Best Writer award and become Joakim's best friend! Joakim cackled evilly. This would bring the drama and excitement level up so high, it would probably be over NINE THOUSAND! Joakim laughed again and proceeded to listen to his favorite artist, Hannah Montana, followed up by some High School Musical.

It was time. Joakim would finally be entertained. It was the time to collect the Tributes. None of the twelve would be safe, not even his moderators. Joakim stared at the list, the list that would change lives forever (twelve lives to be exact), and double checked the names.

Team 1: Intellikat

Team 2: Phantim

Team 3: Brock Thompson

Team 4: SaintSayaka

Team 5: Aaron Hartmann

Team 6: LethalPianist

Team 7: Unkie

Team 8: R

Team 9: Cat4055

Team 10: Andrew Hartman

Team 11: Luke Meyers

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Team 12: Selena Raynee

Joakim looked at the list with satisfaction and then sent his minions to collect the Tributes. He didn't have time for collection, for he had an arena to create.

## CHAPTER 2 by Aaliyah Sherfuddin



Joakim smirked at all the Tributes when they stepped out of the bus and onto the pavilion. It had been a couple days since he sent his minions to retrieve them.

"Welcome, my fellow tributes! This is, obviously, not a bloody, war hunger games. This is the Writing games! Now, as I speak, a special arena is being made for you. This arena will test your skills as a writer and some other skills WHICH you will find out later. Now, I'll give you say 3 days to relax and enjoy yourselves before the games begin. I warn you though, those who prepare will succeed. "

Joakim exited the pavilion, with a sly grin on his face. The tribute's faces were hilarious! You had this one girl on the right with her mouth open on shock, another boy who looked like he was about to kill someone, and two twins who were about to cry.

"Did I choose the right people for this Writing Games?" Joakim wondered this aloud. He shook his head and headed to his computer, where the arena was being designed.

## CHAPTER 3 by Cat4055



Cat4055 POV

I stood there, dumbfounded. I was... hang on, I was the youngest one here! This is so unfair, I'll just have to be that weak one, so they don't think I'm a threat... I wonder what the arena will look like.

## CHAPTER 4 by DANDAN THE DANDAN ~ anyone still remember me?



DANDAN THE DANDAN's POV

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Wait a minute. Why are we SEE\_MORE\_OF\_STORY\_LB121 4055! Do you know what this means?!!!

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Cat4055: "My name is Jeff!"

We don't have as much points as them, but we're here and they're not. This could mean that Joakim changed his mind about the tributes and noobies will participate. It could lead to the core of the earth turning inside out and Illuminati will do the new world order, then space Nazi zombies will reign over earth where Donald Trump builds a wall, and the space time fabric of the universe will tear apart as the universal scissor is controlled by Hillary. Cat! Do you know how to solve this!!!

Cat4055: "My name is Jeff."

OF COURSE!!! The Jeff theory where Einstein comes back to life to punish JB for creating the song Baby is too theoretically crazy to let the Martians freeze the sun, leading to a revolutionary revolution! Cat! You're a genius!

Cat4055: "My name is Jeff."

## CHAPTER 5 by Matthew Allison



R point of view

Allu Akbhar. R died

## CHAPTER 6 by SaintSayaka



Sayaka frowned. This story had started with so much potential, and then was derailed by terrible drafts and general laziness. Not that she was surprised. As an admin for her beloved Story Wars, this was the type of thing that she encountered on a daily basis. But if she could fix the story, maybe she'd end up surviving these Story Games, and her and Joakim could finally be besties.

And the first thing she was going to do? Return this story to the format its writer had made it in. Because she hated it when people flippantly interchanged first person, second person, third...

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Half of the tributes were already dead, and Joakim sweated nervously watching the arena. Things needed to slow down.

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"New plan," he said to nobody but himself. "We change the very nature of the Games."

## CHAPTER 7 by Queezle



'Saint Sayaka, I have need of you,' Joakim boomed from the earpiece that was clipped over Sayaka's ear and Sayaka looked across at it in awe. She reached a hand towards the earpiece with wide eyes.

'Joakim,' she breathed. 'Is it really you?' Then she corrected herself briskly. 'I mean, yes, of course it is you,' she said quietly so that no other tributes could hear her. 'What do you need me to do? I am your faithful admin and will follow all your orders.'

'Good, good,' Joakim mused to himself. Turning his attention back to Sayaka, he gave her very careful directions. 'I have a mission for you, Sayaka. But first, you must meet me at my evil lair- I mean, the control room. Turn left at the sign, then make it up as you go along.'

Sayaka frowned. 'Those aren't very careful directions.'

'All corridors will end up to where I want you to go. I'll make sure of it. I've coded the building to shift my command room to wherever I want it to be. Just make sure you aren't followed. Can you do that for me, Sayaka?'

'Yes, of course,' Sayaka said eagerly. She was so excited that when she set off towards a random direction, she didn't even notice the girl sitting in a tree, watching Sayaka's every move with a pair of camouflage binoculars that she had secretly bought from Australian Geographic when her parents hadn't been looking.

The girl slowly smiled. 'It's been a long time, Joakim. Do you remember me? I'm Danawanna and I'm here to claim my glory by winning these stupid games!'

Danawanna signed a quick message in sign language and four other girls that looked more-or-less her age appeared from the undergrowth. These girls were her oldest friends on Story Wars

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own. Let's beat Joakim at his own game! We're sick of rubbish writers stealing our spots in drafts when we're *obviously* better writers. We're sick of being upstaged by newbies that have only been on story wars for a week. We've had enough! Who's with me?!

The resulting roar almost knocked Joakim's camera off the tree.

(There's finally an excuse for all these people that keep adding themselves to this story! Including me!)

## CHAPTER 8 by Totally Not Insane (Inactive)



We try to find a way to stop them. When they write a draft we try not to vote for theirs. How can we if their draft is so good we have trouble recognizing it? I know what to do? Joakim says.

THE\_END

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